

The Kansas City Journal.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

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FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 25 THE JOURNAL CIRCULATED 294,250 COPIES; DAILY AVERAGE, 42,035.

Forecast for Tuesday and Wednesday.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—For Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Arkansas: Fair Tuesday; Wednesday, fair and warmer; north to east winds.

For Missouri: Fair Tuesday and Wednesday; warmer Wednesday; fresh north to east winds.

For Kansas: Fair Tuesday; warmer in northern portion; Wednesday, fair; warmer in southern portion; north to east winds.

For Nebraska: Fair; warmer Tuesday; Wednesday, fair; variable winds.

For Colorado: Fair Tuesday and Wednesday; variable winds.

GOOD NEWS FOR ATKINSON.

Edward E. Atkinson and his fellow "anti-imperialists" will doubtless rejoice to hear that the forces under their hero, Aguinaldo, have captured and burned an American gunboat on the Orani river, and that an officer and nine of the crew are missing, presumably having been captured or killed by the insurgents. This news will rejoice the hearts of the copperheads who have been praying for the success of the insurgent arms, and will be especially gratifying to Atkinson, whose opinion of the American soldiers is that they are a disgrace to their country, even among the Filipino savages with whom they come in contact, and very especially when compared with the "Castilian Spaniards" who went before them in the Philippines. It would be in keeping with the Anti-Imperialist League to call a meeting and formulate congratulations to Aguinaldo.

MISSOURI'S PUBLIC LAND.

It must be a great surprise to many who are acquainted with the resourcefulness of Missouri land to learn that more than 400,000 acres still remain unoccupied. Twenty-three thousand acres were taken up last year, but a great deal more is likely to be occupied the coming year, for not only is the value of Missouri land becoming more widely known, but the terms of occupation and title have been made easier. It is now possible to purchase it outright at \$1.25 per acre, with immediate title. It may be homesteaded, as before, in which case five years' residence is necessary to perfect the title.

While it is true that some of the public land of Missouri has little value, it is also true that much of it is susceptible of profitable cultivation, either for the raising of cereals or the growing of fruit. But what is still more to the point at this time is that a good deal of this public land lies in the prospective belts of the lead and zinc deposits, and some occupants are going to strike it rich upon a trifling investment.

LOOKING FOR AN "ANGEL."

It is reported that the next Democratic nominee for the vice presidency of the United States is to be Mr. Bird S. Coler, controller of New York city, who has recently distinguished himself as an opponent of Tammany, although elected upon a Tammany ticket. The authority for this report is a St. Louis man, who says that Mr. Bryan, ex-Governor Stone and Mr. J. G. Johnson have decided that Bryan's running mate in 1900 must be a New York man, and that the best man in the Empire state is the one who has defied Tammany.

First of all this story must be taken with a good deal of allowance, for Bryan has shown in various ways that he would rather court than oppose Tammany. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether much capital could be made of Coler's position on the Ramapo water scheme, for Coler owed his election to the Croker outfit and has been for years a protégé of Hugh McLaughlin, the political boss of Kings county.

The only plausible feature of the story is that Coler is a millionaire, and Bryan's opposition to plutocracy has never waned him from the desire to have an "angel" for a running mate. Believing that it might be expedient to have a New York man on the tail end of the ticket, it would not be strange if Mr. Bryan should conclude that Coler is about the richest man available and eligible for the place.

Incidentally, it is a fresh commentary upon the exceedingly personal character of Democratic national affairs that it should be assumed that such fellows as Bryan, Stone and Johnson need only put their heads together to nominate the man they want, and the electors of these men, in turn, is a humiliating commentary upon the personnel of Democratic leadership.

GOOD OLD DEMOCRATIC DAYS.

Hon. Bill Sapp, president of the Sunflower Club, which has for its mission the reorganization of the Democratic party in Kansas, has issued an address to the faithful, from which we quote as follows:

"A hundred years of Democratic history look down upon us—hundred years of unswerving, unshaken, unswerving government of public affairs; the record of the Democratic party to which you can point with pride. The glory of the republic in its golden days of freedom from high taxes and the spoilsman was when the affairs of the government were directed by the strong hands of the fathers of the party. I ask you, in the name of these men, in the name of the past history of your party, and for the purpose of keeping alive the principles of Democracy, to organize, that we may beat back the iron hand of monopoly and oppression as now administered by the Republican party."

While it may appear unkind to spoil such a beautiful presentation, it nevertheless becomes necessary to correct Mr. Sapp's history. He is mistaken in saying that one hundred years of Democratic party rule look down upon us. Less than half a

hundred years of Democratic rule look down upon us. Commencing with Thomas Jefferson, who is claimed as the father of the Democratic party, the Democrats have had control of the national administration just forty-four years, and to gain these figures we must accredit to Democracy certain presidents who were nominated and elected without reference to politics. If we should add the two terms of Grover Cleveland the sum total would be swollen to fifty-two years, but Mr. Sapp and his followers have disowned Grover Cleveland and speak of him as the enemy of true Democracy.

Charitably assuming that Mr. Sapp was the victim of a slip of the pen when he characterized the early days of Democracy as "golden" instead of "silver," we desire to recount a little history of which this chief priest of Kansas Democracy appears to be woefully ignorant. He points with pride to the days of low taxation, and by reading all of his address it will be seen that he refers to the tariffs. And yet the fact remains that the only successful administrations ever given to this country by the Democratic party were in those periods when the party was practicing the same high protection to American industries which the Republican party was Washington before him, and the same policy was adhered to by Adams, Madison and Monroe.

In 1793 a fair protective tariff had been adopted, and this remained in force until 1812, when it was doubled, with the result of giving an enormous impetus to the industries of our country. In 1816, however, the virus of free trade commenced to percolate in the veins of Democracy, and a year later there was passed a law which provided a "tariff for revenue only."

The result was the same as that which has followed every period of free trade; the industries became idle, labor sought employment in vain, farm products went down below the cost of production, there was a deficit in the revenues, a big balance of trade piled up against us, the money circulation was cut more than half, and absolute distress was all about the land. Benton gives this picture of the times: "No price for property; no sales except those of the sheriff and marshals; no purchasers at execution sales except the creditor or some hoarder of money; no employment for industry; no demand for labor; no sale for the product of the farm; no sound of the hammer except that of the auctioneer knocking down the property."

Naturally a reaction set in, and by 1824 the Democratic party was again the champion of protection. In this year a thoroughly protective tariff was adopted, and it was followed by a long period of happiness and prosperity. But the Democratic party was not able to let well enough alone, and in 1832, under the leadership of Calhoun, came another period of low tariff or free trade which was not ended until 1842. A historian of the times thus describes the condition of the country: "There was a gradual closing down of American factories, labor was idle or poorly paid; farm products fell to the lowest point ever known; the panic of 1837 came with its whirlwind of bankruptcies; poor people were only kept from starvation by patronizing the free soup houses; states were unable to pay the interest on their debts; there was a deficit in the national treasury; the government was unable to borrow money at home or abroad, and the whole nation seemed reduced to desperation."

Then came the protectionists, this time in the ranks of the Whig party, who passed a protective bill over the veto of President Tyler, and our country once more started on the road to great prosperity. Carey, the historian, in commenting on this period, says: "Labor was everywhere in demand, the price of farm products rose rapidly, the consumption of iron, cotton and wool goods was immense, and commerce, internal and external, was growing with unexampled rapidity."

But in 1846 the Democrats of the South, jealous of the growing prosperity of the North, rallied an anti-protection majority and the result was the infamous Walker bill. This soon plunged the country into the same distress which had accompanied every period of free trade, and the downward progress was accelerated by the Democratic bill of 1857, which reduced the tariff still further. For the conditions in this period we have some pretty good Democratic authority in the form of a message to congress from President Buchanan, the last of the long line of Democratic presidents, who wrote as follows:

"In the midst of unsurpassed plenty in all the productions of agriculture and in all the elements of national wealth, we find our manufactures suspended, our public works retarded, our private enterprises of different kinds abandoned, and thousands of useful laborers thrown out of employment and reduced to want. The revenues of the government have been greatly reduced, while the appropriations made by congress at its last session are very large in amount. Under these circumstances a loan may be required before the close of your present session; but this, though deeply to be regretted, would prove to be only a slight misfortune when compared with the suffering and distress prevailing among the people."

These words only faintly convey the misfortunes which had come upon the American people as the result of the Democratic policy of free trade. By remembering the prostration which came with Grover Cleveland in 1892 and then multiplying it a hundredfold some conception may be had of the misery of Buchanan's days. And these are the days that the Hon. Bill Sapp calls the "golden days" of low taxation! In this long record of Democratic folly and misrule it is what he wants his party to look back upon with pride! Let us invoke the favorite exclamation of old Jim Lane and pass the subject by.

The governor of Texas is much disgusted with the governor of Iowa for talking Republican politics at a "non-partisan" conference where only Democratic politics was wanted.

John R. McLean says there is no prosperity in this country. It is possible McLean is trying to play the poverty dodge on those expectant Buckeye voters?

However, Count Cantacuzene and his bride are no more securely married than the loving couple who are bound together by a country justice of the peace.

Possibly Senator Mason is ashamed of his country because it makes such wretched mistakes sometimes in selecting its United States senators.

When the trusts begin to do their devilment the destruction is expected to be ap-

palling. Nobody is hurt by them as yet, but this certainly cannot last. The trust is a dreadful monster and will eat us all up some morning.

Perhaps George Fred Williams is excusable for holding a "snap" convention. It has been a long time since George Fred had a snap in politics.

Colonel Watterston continues to give the Democratic party sound advice, but the party prefers to follow leaders who give it only sound.

The county fairs are doing a highly successful business this year without Mr. Bryan. But most of them have added midways.

KANSAS TOPICS.

The Bourbon County Way.
Fort Scott proposes a variation of the queen business by electing a king of the midway.

Does Anybody Know?
Abilene advertises a carnival queen and a Troillean queen. But what in the deuce is a Troillean queen?

Comforting.
Ed Hoch thinks that Taylor Riddle may console himself with the reflection that he can't lose the state any worse than J. G. Johnson will lose the nation.

"KID" MOORE.

The average age of the old soldiers at the Marion reunion was 90 years. The youngest old soldier present was District Judge O. L. Moore, who will not be 50 until next month.

Still for Funston.
Bent Murdock writes a denial of the statement that he has hauled down the name of General Funston. "General Funston will be the next governor of Kansas," says he.

Cats' Night.
If you were disturbed by the howling of cats on last Saturday night, says one of our Kansas exchanges, "don't blame them, for it was cats' night—the ninth day of the ninth month of the ninety-ninth year of the nineteenth century."

JUST LIKE A DEMOCRAT.

Congressman Dennis Flynn is a stalwart Republican, but Dame Fortune seems to have singled him out as the victim or beneficiary of a Demopop fusion. At an End lottery the other day he drew three gallons of old rye whiskey and a year's subscription to a Populist newspaper.

Abilene Building Movement.

Abilene has started a subscription to build a monument to Tom Smith, the first marshal of the town, who was killed while trying to put down a cowboy riot. Abilene does well to honor her heroes, but she should not forget her duty to high art by failing to leave a niche in her pantheon for the immortal John Preston Campbell.

Made Up His Weight.

Lyman Barnes, of Ottawa, tried to enlist one day last week, but found himself four pounds short in weight. He went away and for twenty-four hours stuffed himself with food, with the result of gaining the four pounds and admission into the United States army. The local paper says that he ate no less than ten meals in one night and a day.

Oddities of Chance.

The pranks played by the goddess of chance are sometimes very amusing. At the prize drawing of the Atchison carnival a young lady clerk in the office of the Standard Oil Company drew the five gallons of gasoline offered by her employer; Dad Griffith, the veteran passenger conductor between Topeka and Atchison, drew the round trip ticket between these points offered by his company; a married man drew a marriage license, and a single man drew the ticket which entitled him to the expenses of a divorce.

Husk Bonnet Returns.

An Atchison milliner sent bonnets made of corn husks to Mrs. McKinley, Queen Victoria, Mrs. Governor Stanley and Helen Gould. Helen Gould replied in a pretty little note in her own handwriting. Mrs. Stanley also wrote a note, saying she regretted she could not appear at the carnival and wear the bonnet. Mrs. McKinley sent a very formal reply through one of the president's secretaries. Queen Victoria has yet to be heard from, but the Atchison milliner is bound to be disappointed if she expects an autograph response.

Goes Him One Better.

The New York Sun is poking fun at the Hon. David Greenvyer. Recently David proposed that the corporations should be denied the use of the mails, the telegraphs, the telephone and the express lines. To this the Sun replies that while the plan seems searching it really is not searching enough. "Ought not everybody guilty, or suspected of being guilty, of belonging to a trust, be put to death at once and his property be divided between the informer and the Democratic campaign fund?"

A Practical Prohibitionist.

J. L. Smith, a peculiar character, died on his farm near Paola last Friday. Along in the '90s Mr. Smith was proprietor of the Commercial hotel in Kansas City, but in 1879 he moved to the Kansas farm where he died. On this farm he had planted a large vineyard and was extensively engaged in making wine, but with the adoption of prohibition he quit the business and grubbed out by the roots every grape vine on his place.

Fairy Tales.

If the stuff printed in the magazines about other places is no more reliable than the stories told in them about Kansas, there is a crying demand for a magazine censor who shall have the right to shovel out the lies and rot. In one of the October magazines is a story which has its scene at a gold camp in the snow-capped mountains thirty miles south of Topeka. In another of the same date is a tale which tells of a man who got on a train at Kansas City for Coffeyville and amused himself all the way down by "whittling lily on the window sill of the dingy car in which he rode." Imagine a man whittling undisturbed for eight hours on one of the varnished cars of the Santa Fe railroad!

But by far the worst of all the stories told about Kansas appears in the October number of Frank Leslie's magazine. According to the writer "women who own and run their farms, without any male assistance, constitute 30 per cent of the farming population of Oklahoma and Kansas. Women and girls who are now engaged in farm work in Kansas constitute 50 per

cent of the farming population. This large percentage is partly caused by the Twentieth Kansas volunteers in the Philippines."

There is no use in denying such a ridiculous piece of nonsense as this. It will excite only mirth among those who know that women perform less manual labor in Kansas than in any other part of the country, or at least, no more than in the most favored portions of the land. But what shall we say of a magazine or an author that is willing to manufacture a story out of whole cloth like the following:

"Miss Ella Funston, cousin of Brigadier General Funston, who had just graduated from college came home and volunteered to 'tend Fred's farm while he went to war. Now Fred was not a farmer, but he had a little tract of land in Allen county near Carlyle, and this is being cultivated by Miss Funston, with the aid of a man during the heavy season. Miss Funston is 30 years old and is quite a favorite in society. She is well educated and knows her French as well as the proper distance apart to plant cornhills. She has sowed forty acres of wheat, thirty acres of oats and sixty acres of corn this year. Fred says she can keep the proceeds since he has done so well as an army officer. She is the happiest girl in Kansas to-day."

Accompanying this ridiculous lie is a half page portrait, labeled "Miss Ella Funston, cousin of Brigadier General Funston, of Kansas." In the first place, General Funston has no cousin by the name of Ella, nor any relative of any sort to whom the picture bears the slightest resemblance. The picture must have been fished from some photographer's display stand in the night, for it represents a woman so entirely dissimilar to anyone in the Funston family that it might better pass for Lydia Pinkham. General Funston has a young sister by the name of Ella, but she has never done any farm work, either this or any other year. General Funston doesn't own an acre of land in Allen county; he never has farmed any land belonging to others; the story of his crops is a pure fabrication, and the fabricator ought to be sent to some asylum where they treat the woozy-woozy people.

Assorted Hallucinations.

Some one has said that when a man becomes insane his mind is possessed of one idea, one fantasy, one illusion. This may be true of the ordinary lunatic, but it won't apply in versatile Kansas. At Fort Scott the other day, Joseph Shultz was adjudged insane. It was in testimony before the jury that the poor fellow believed that he was heir to \$400,000,000; that he had been a detective twenty years and had been shot fourteen times; that he had been delegated by President McKinley to build a large navy yard on the Marmaton; that he was about to buy up the whole of Fort Scott and burn it; that he had been engaged to build four battleships for the government; that he had the task of establishing a standing army of 200,000 men of which he was to be the commanding general; that he had just completed the purchase of two of the big steamship lines out of New York, and that he had taken his ticket for London, where he was having built the finest golden chariot the world had ever seen, and in which he intended to ride around while observing the men and teams at work upon an industrial plant which he was building at a cost of \$3,000,000.

The monitor states that poor Mr. Shultz also had a fine collection of delusions on religious subjects, and that he kept talking of the sermons he expected to preach, besides imagining himself to be a great variety of personage.

Reminiscence of Other Days.

At Arapahoe the other day a man said to a reporter for the Bee: "The people of Oklahoma will get free homes only in one way and that is by fighting for them. They must arm themselves, and when the government comes to put them off-fight!" There is no particular interest in this except that it carries us back to those delightful Kansas days when the Pops were trading their cows for Winchester and the flames were preparing to shoot up.

MISSOURI POINTS.

Pushing It Along.
The short skirt had having struck Springfield, the observant editor of the Republic feels called upon to encourage the "Rainy Day" with the remark that "as times are good all the girls can have them, if they do come a little high."

Miss Wood, Lawyer.

Lady lawyers are no longer much of a novelty in Missouri, the state boasting quite a number of bright ones. A recent accession to the bar in Monmouth county is Attorney Ella Wood, of California, the accomplished daughter of Hon. L. F. Wood, of that city, who passed a highly creditable examination in the circuit court there last week.

A Regretted Removal.

The permanent removal from Jefferson City last week of their new home in New York city of Mr. J. C. Fisher and family is made the occasion for unanimous expressions of regret on the part of the papers at the state capital. The Fishers had long been among the prominent and popular dwellers there, and the Missouri contingent wishing them well is an unusually large one.

Handsomely Heralded.

Among the many attractive "carnival edibles" issued by the country press this season none is handsomer or more appealingly gotten up than that of the all-ways enterprising and up-to-date Brookfield Argus, which suitably heralds the approach of the great street fair and other elaborate fall festivities to which Linn county's lively metropolis is going to devote its attention exclusively the latter part of this week.

Lebanon's Loss.

Lebanon is mourning over the destruction by fire last week of the recently established Cupepper-Shannon college. The outlook for the new institution was most promising, and it is believed that the enterprising citizens of that locality will see to it that such aid as is necessary will be provided for its rehabilitation, although there was not a dollar of insurance. The college building was formerly the noted Gasconade hotel, which when erected, in 1890, cost \$100,000, and the furniture, extensive library, laboratory equipment, etc., represented an outlay of many thousands more.

Would Succeed Shepherd.

Many candidates are seeking appointment to the deputy collectorship in the Sixth internal revenue division, made vacant through the death of Colonel Shepherd, of St. Joseph. There are fourteen counties within that territory and nearly every one, it is believed, is likely to furnish an aspirant for the berth, which is good for \$300 a month and an expense account. The position is no sinecure, a thoroughly capable

man being required for the suitable discharge of its duties. Collector Kellogg is said to have spoken of Collector Shepherd as the best man in the service in his entire district.

The "Only Christian Daily."

What is said to be the "only Christian daily newspaper in the world" is to be found in Montreal, where it was established over half a century before the author of "In His Steps" painted the imaginary difficulties of such a journal. The Christian Commonwealth, London, Eng., of which, by the way, Dr. W. T. Moore, president of the Missouri Bible college, at Columbia, is editor, thus speaks of it: "The Montreal Witness has been in existence fifty-four years, and has now a constituency of 200,000 readers. It has from the first refused advertisements of strong drink, tobacco, theaters and quack medicine, and thus sacrifices at least \$10,000 a year. And yet it is a splendid success. The paper was originated as the Weekly Witness by a sturdy Scotch Christian and temperance advocate, Mr. John Douglass. His son, John Redpath Douglass, persuaded him to convert it into an evening penny paper. This son has carried on the traditions of his father. He refuses all business alliances with Bellal, and allows no space to theater and sporting gossip. He has made no money in plenty, and his works have been made to blow up his works with dynamite. To his sturdy character is ascribed the fact that none of the Canadian dailies issue Sunday editions."

A Timely Suggestion.

A dispatch from Jefferson City says: "The state board of charities and corrections has issued circulars and mailed them to clergymen throughout the state, asking them to set aside the fourth Sunday in October as 'Prison Sunday,' and to preach on some phase of the prison question. The circular asserts that the criminal class is rapidly increasing, and that the people need information, and that there is no more effective means than the pulpit to give information." And this gives rise to a suggestion in the Springfield Republican that "it might be a good thing for the Jefferson City ministers to issue a special invitation to all the penitentiary officials, state officers and others interested in the case, to attend church on 'Prison Sunday' and hear a sermon on morality. Ministers elsewhere throughout the state might touch upon the evil results of the Jefferson City lobby, and work up a sentiment that would help to give the lobbyists a touch of 'prison life.' Then there is that legislative clerk steal that ought to be remembered in the opening hymn. The contribution box could be passed around in a religious manner to procure funds for the prosecution of the legislators who assisted in passing the bill to legalize the stealing of the St. Louis election returns. An earnest prayer for the salvation of the Democratic party would not be amiss, the doxology should be interlined with a verse about the Bland-North deal, and corruption of the St. Louis court of appeals. The services could be closed with that familiar song from the choir: 'Am I a soldier of Bill Phelps, Or a follower of Bill Stone? etc.'"

Miss Otis' Columbia Visit.

Whatever the views of the people of Columbia as to the policy of expansion, or as to the qualifications of General Otis for successfully handling the campaign in the Philippines, there is but one opinion in Missouri's Athens as to the general's charming daughter, Miss Mary Otis—who left there Monday, after nearly a month's visit with her kinspeople, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Rollins—and is a most complimentary and favorable one. The extent to which she was made the recipient of social attention during her stay in Columbia is shown in the following from the Herald: "On August 29 Miss Otis was given a veranda party by Mrs. F. W. Speed, of St. Louis. September 1 she was tendered an evening reception and dancing party by Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Rollins. On September 4 an evening card party was given in her honor by Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Rollins. September 6 she was the guest of honor at a 6 o'clock dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Rollins. September 12 a breakfast at 12 m. o'clock was given by Mrs. Speed. September 12, a 6 o'clock dinner was tendered her by Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Rollins. September 14, a driving party was given her by Mrs. Speed. September 15, a yellow luncheon, followed by a memory contest, was given by Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Rollins. September 15, an informal hop and card party was given by Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Rollins. September 20, there was an afternoon reception given by the Misses Prewitt for Miss Otis, and Mrs. Roberts, of Louisville. On September 21, a card party at the Cottage hotel was given by the Beta Theta Pi. Besides the above she was the guest of honor at several other events. Miss Otis has a charming personality, and it is safe to say no more popular visitor has ever been in Boone county."

CONTEMPORARY COMMENT.

Jerry Simpson's Level.

From the Los Angeles Times.
The party of Aguinaldo and Atkinson is rapidly and successfully attracting a fine array of political cranks and lofers. They come from all parts of the Union. They represent all shades of queer beliefs, and every opinion except the right one. Their occupation was practically gone when Bryanism failed, and since that time they have been looking for something new to keep them busy. As if by common impulse, they have all drifted into the Aguinaldo party. It is the only political aggregation which represents blasted hopes, discredited beliefs and dishonorable convictions, and it is through these agencies that the political "crazies" hope in some way to acquire power. The newest and the most logical recruit to this weird collection of political freaks is Jerry Simpson, at one time a member of congress from the Medicine Lodge district of Kansas, but now a country editor, and a disciple of Aguinaldo. In the last election for congress Simpson was badly beaten, and if another election were held to-day the probability is that he would be beaten even more decisively. For the simple reason that his political views which a year ago were the aspect of absurdity are to-day tinged with disloyalty.

What Simpson says or does is merely of interest as reflecting the views of a certain irresponsible element of the country, and his words and actions are only worth noting insofar as they afford new evidence of the alliance which the Bryanites and what is left of the Populists have made with the adherents of Aguinaldo. How accurately Simpson represents the views of the people of his own state, who have given to the country Funston and his fighters, may be gathered from the temper of the meeting at Wichita, Kan., when Simpson endeavored to persuade a large gathering of veterans of the civil war that Aguinaldo was a bigger man than Lincoln, and that the American soldiers fighting in the Philippines were doing nothing more than the work of Hessians. His effort to persuade

the veterans into the hope that the Philippines would triumph over our soldiers and with the response that might be expected from such a gathering, for Simpson was beaten into silence by the angry protests of his audience. Sedition and disloyalty are no more popular in Kansas than they are in Massachusetts, but that is a fact which Simpson, Atkinson, Aguinaldo and the rest of them will not understand or appreciate until long after the war has ended.

Not Quantity, but Quality.

From the Boston Herald (Ind.).
The platform adopted at the Democratic convention in Mechanics' hall attributes the improvement of business since 1896 to an increase in the volume of money, arising from an enlarged production of gold. Here is what it says on this point:

"Heavy and unexpected discoveries of gold and of new processes for extracting that metal, together with the other supplies, have resulted, since 1896, in an increase in the volume of money, estimated at \$44,000,000 for the United States alone. The immediate revival of prices and trade accompanying this increase demonstrated the Democratic contention that the evils from which the nation suffered so gravely in the five years prior to 1897 proceeded from a contracted currency, for which Republican legislation had provided no form of relief."

This declaration strikes us as a considerable admission of the benefits of gold for a Bryanite convention to make. We hardly expected to meet it in resolutions reported by such a gold hater as Mr. George Fred Williams. So an increase in the gold supply brought about an immediate revival of prices and trade, did it? Why, the most hidebound goldbug could hardly put the claims of the metal in a brighter light. It is true, the platform attempts to twist the gain of gold into an argument that the Democrats were right in their demands for inflation. But currency statistics demolish that argument in a very effective way. The volume of the currency in circulation at this moment is nearly much larger in proportion to the population than it was in the panic year, 1893. The per capita circulation on the last stood at \$2.54, according to the treasury statistics. In August, 1893, at the very time when the New York banks were forced to resort to clearing house certificates, the per capita rate was \$2.51, and by January 21, 1894, it had risen to \$2.56. In other words, at that time the country had a larger volume of money by 25 cents per head than it now possesses, according to the latest treasury return. In currency, as in other matters, it is quality, not quantity, that counts.

Women Farmers.

From the Chicago Tribune.
A Topeka newspaper devotes a page to the enumeration of plucky women in Kansas who are successfully operating farms. Mrs. Anna Lembach, near Erie, during the last twelve years has accumulated \$20,000 in cash and paid off a mortgage of \$1,500. Mrs. Sarah Bucher, near Douglas, has managed a 40-acre farm since the death of her husband ten years ago and has also managed to save \$20,000. Mrs. J. O. Martin at Atkin has cleared off a big mortgage in ten years. Miss Mary Barker is the land and stock raiser of Barber county, her farm comprising 3,000 acres and her annual sales of cattle being 4,000 head. Mrs. Mary J. Reese, of Linn county, has paid off a big mortgage on her quarter section and is now loaning money to men in her neighborhood who don't know how to farm. As to the experiences of Mrs. Lembach, first named, the article says:

"Mrs. Lembach put her hand literally to the plow, and until her children grew into manhood and womanhood she was her own hired man and her own maid-of-all-work. She plowed and planted and sowed and reaped, not by proxy, but with her own hands. She kept her children in school, comfortably clothed and fed, and did double every workday of her life. She never stopped to listen to the 'seven devils,' she never stood in the door watching and waiting for the 'octopus' of Wall street, she never went to the road, she just 'tended her knitting' and in seven years the mortgage was a grim recollection. The mortgage was paid and she disappeared from her perspective. She still manages the farm on which she accumulated \$20,000, practically unaided, in twelve years."

The success of these women is an object lesson to some men in Kansas and elsewhere who are continually complaining of the hard work and poor pay of farming. The man behind the hoe has much to learn from them in the way of hustling.

Bent on Self-Destruction.

From the New York Sun.
We submit to the alienists these remarks of the Kansas City Times: "It may be said that the military establishment of the United States is far more than that of France, for France has a general staff, while the United States has but one military head, and he is doing exactly as he pleases with the army, with a Brooke in Cuba and an Otis in the Philippines to do his bidding. There will be plenty of Draycott cases as the ranks of the military tighten upon the mouths of the people." To the lay mind, at least, it has been clear for some time that the Democratic party is afflicted with suicidal mania.

An Opening for Reciprocity.

From the Boston Herald.
That feature of the Massachusetts Democratic platform which expresses sympathy for the Western farmers is rather queer, not to say superfluous. It would now seem to be appropriate and in order for the Western farmers to reciprocate by sending to these Massachusetts platform makers a few carloads of their big crops. They have plenty to spare.

His Acting May Have Justified It.

From the Chicago Record.
Chattanooga officials are trying to find out why the leading lady killed the leading man in the "Master of Paris" company, but perhaps the officials have not seen the leading man act.

Stacked Cards.